BODLEY'S VISIT TO LECALE, COUNTY OF DOWN, A.D. 1602-3.

Descriptio itineris Capitanei Josiæ Bodley in Lecaliam apud Ultoniensis, Ann. 1602.

Deus bone, quid ego in me suscepi? Sane ego sum asinus, aliter nunquam suscepissem tam grave onus; sed nihil refert, faciam quod potero, ut illa canis Coppingeri, quæ semper fecit suam bonam voluntatem.

Ego cepi in manu declarare quid accidit in Itinere quod fecimus ad Lecaliam, Capitanus Caulfieldus, Capitanus Jephsonus[c] et ego, euntes ad visitandum Sirrum Richardum Morrisonum, amicum nostrum, et ad recreandum nos ibi. Et ego narrabo omnia in ordine; quia ordo est pulchra res, et omnes amant illam, præter milites Irelandicos, qui sunt pessimum genus hominum; si saltem illos homines licet appellare, qui vescuntur gramine, et sunt animo vulpes, et factis lupi.—Sed at rem.—

An Account of a Journey of Captain Josias Bodley into Lecale in Ulster, in the year 1602, (*properly* 1603.)[a]

Good God! what have I taken on me to do? Truly I am an ass, otherwise I would never have undertaken so heavy a burthen; but no matter, I shall do what I can, like Coppinger's—female dog[b]—who always took her own way.

I have taken in hand to recount what happened in a journey which Captain Caulfield, Captain Jephson, and I, made to Lecale, to visit our friend Sir Richard Morrison, and divert ourselves there. And I shall narrate everything in due order; for order is a fair thing, and all love it; except the Irish men-at-arms, who are a most vile race of men if it be at all allowable to call them "men" who live upon grass, and are foxes in their disposition, and wolves in their actions:—But to our business:

[a] *Journey of Captain Josias Bodley.*—For an account of the author of "the Journey" and of his manuscript, the reader is referred to the remarks at the end of this Article, where will also be found a notice of his fellow-travellers, Captains Toby Caulfield, John Jephson, and Henry Adderton; and of their hosts, Sir Richard Moryson, and Captain Ralph Constable; as well as a short review of the state of Ulster at the time "the journey" was written.

[b] *Coppinger's female dog.*—Who Coppinger was, or what were the merits or demerits of his canine companion, beyond her wilfulness, must ever remain a mystery. The allusion is evidently to some garrison joke. It probably refers to a very extraordinary character of his day, Edmund Coppinger, a person of good family and education who, in 1591, was along with many others, persuaded by a fanatic named Hackett, that he (Hackett,) in the words of Camden, "was that very Angel who should come before the approach of the last day with his fan and with his crook, to separate the sheep from the goats." Coppinger was for anointing Hackett to be their king, but Hackett ordered him and his other followers to go through London and declare that Christ was come to judge the world. They did so; and also declared Hackett "to be Supreme Monarch of the Universe, and that the Queen (Elizabeth) was to be deposed." They were arrested, and Hackett being brought to trial, confessed himself guilty, and (as Camden says) "was executed at Tyburn, making his hearers tremble at the blasphemies uttered by him." Coppinger voluntarily and resolutely starved himself to death in prison. The whole proceedings form a curious episode in the Annals of Elizabeth's reign, to which, if necessary,—save that Tyburn would be superseded by Bedlam,—a parallel might be found in the reign of Victoria. Such an event as that wherein Coppinger was so conspicuous would form a standing joke for years, as it would in our own day; and he may have had a canine familiar associated with him in his fantastic tricks.

[c] *Jephsonus.*—The MS. of Bodley's Journey, as preserved in the British Museum, is so bad a specimen of Calligraphy, that this word would appear rather to be

The aforesaid Master Morrison sent very kind letters to us, inviting us to keep the Nativity, (which the English call "Christmas,") with him; but, as Sir Arthur Chichester,[d] the Serjeant-Major of the whole army, had convoked us with all our companies at that very moment to fight with Tyrone, who was then in the woods of Glenconkein[e] with much cattle and few fighting-men; we could not go at that time to Lecale, but joined the said Sir Arthur, and remained with him for sixteen or seventeen days in the field, without doing much harm to Tyrone: for that Tyrone is the worst rascal, and very wary and subtle, and won't be beaten, except on good terms. However we fought him twice in the very woods, and made him run to his strongholds. So, after leaving about that place a well-provided garrison, we each departed, with full permission and goodwill.

Prædictus Dominus Morrisonus mittebat litteras ad nos valde humanas, quibus invitabat nos ad custodiendum natalitias, (quas Angli *Christmas* vocant,) apud se; sed quia Sirrus Arthurus Chichesterus, Sergentus Major totius exercitûs, convocârat nos cum nostris cohortibus in illo ipso instante, ad pugnandum cum Tyrone, qui fuit tunc in sylvis Glenconensibus, cum multis vaccis et paucis militibus, nos non potuimus ire pro illo tempore in Lecaliam, sed ivimus ad dictum Dominum Arthurum, et cum illo mansimus per sedecem vel septendecem dies in campis, sine facere aliquid magnum malum ad Tironum; quia ille Tironus est pessimus nebulo, et valde cautus, et subtilis, et non vult esse verberatus, nisi super bonos terminos. Tamen nos pugnavimus bis cum illo in ipsis sylvis, et fecimus currere ad fortitudines suas. Sed postea linquentes circa illum locum unum garrisonum bene munitum discessimus singuli cum bona veniâ et bonâ voluntate.

Jonsonus. But as no Captain named Johnson or Jonson appears in the lists of Essex's or Mountjoy's armies,—whilst Jephson was not only of that rank in the Horse, but attached to Sir Arthur Chichester's district during the whole of Tyrone's rebellion, and frequently associated with Bodley,—it is impossible it could be any other. The mistake confirms the translator's impression that the MS. in the Brit. Mus. is a wretched copy from Bodley's original, taken by some person ignorant of the Latin language, and unacquainted with the names of the parties referred to by Bodley. See further remarks on the MS. at the end of this article.

[d] *Sir Arthur Chichester.*—The founder of the fortunes and acquirer of the immense estates (though not the direct ancestor) of the Donegall family, is too well known in Irish History to need much notice here. He was, at that time, Governor of Carrickfergus; and as Sergeant-Major of the army, (somewhat similar to the rank of General,) had command over the whole of the troops in Ulster; and had, accordingly, concentrated at Dungannon the troops under his own immediate command, as well as those of the Western parts of Ulster under the command of Sir Henry Dockwra, (whose head quarters were at Derry, and under whose superintendance the walls and fortifications of that town were shortly afterwards erected,) to drive Tyrone out of his fastnesses. Choosing such a season of the year, to perform such a duty in such a locality, Sir Arthur proved himself as ignorant in strategy as he was subsequently pre-eminent in statesmanship; and it is amusing to read the growlings of the rough old soldier, Dockwra, as given in his narrative (published by the Celtic Society,) at being dragged across the country on such a fruitless expedition, and his despair on climbing a hill to view the woods of Glenconkeine, spread far and wide before him, without a road to penetrate or a guide to trust; besides having to ford a river which, if swoln by rain, would effectually cut off his retreat. It reminds us of some of the difficulties we read of as attendant on the late Caffre war.—Sir Arthur Chichester was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, 3 Feb. 1604-5, and held that office for the long period of 10 years, during which time he was created a Peer: he was then appointed Lord High Treasurer, and held that office till his death in Feb. 1624-5. His monument is to be seen in Carrickfergus Church. He died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother.

[e] *Glenconkeine,*—or, as O'Donovan in his Annals of the Four Masters (Note at A.D. 1192, which see.) writes it Gleanconcadhain in Irish, comprised the parishes of Desertmartin, Ballynascreen and Kilcronnaght, in the county of Derry, and must also have included part of the adjoining county of Tyrone, as it extended nearly from Dungannon to Dungiven. Dockwra says it was a wilderness of woods, ravines, and mountains, extending 20 miles in length and 10 in breadth; and all the writers of that day agree that as a fastness it was almost impenetrable. Traditions still exist amongst the mountains of Derry and Tyrone of the immense forests that filled their vallies, and of their being inaccessible from the total absence of roads.

Jam venit nobis in mentem dicta invitatio Sirri Richardi, et post deliberationem, (quia rebus inchoantibus deliberatione, periclitantibus audacia, utendum est, ut ait Seneca) nos putavimus bonum ire illuc, quamvis natalitiæ jam essent octo dies præteritæ; quia non dubitavimus esse bene venti etiamsi fuit in Quadragesima. Fuit hoc determinatum in urbe Armacense, ubi est gubernator unus, valde honestus homo, cum barbâ nigrâ, qui tractat omnes bene, secundum parvam habilitatem suam, et tractaret multo melius, si haberet plus illius rei quam Angli vocant "meanes."

Ab illa urbe proficiscimur ad oppidum vulgo Newrii dictum, quod fuit iter unius diei. Ibi, ad dicere veritatem, non fuimus valde bene excepti, nec secundum qualitates nostras; nam illud oppidum nihil producit nisi carnem bovinam macram, et ovinum rarissimé; pessimum vero vinum; nec alius erat panis nisi biscocti, etiam in ipsis ædibus Gubernatoris. Tamen nos fecimus nostrum

We now remembered the said invitation of Sir Richard; and after deliberation, (for, in the commencement of affairs, deliberation should be used by those adventuring bold attempts, as Seneca says,) we thought it good to go thither, although it was now eight days after the Nativity: because we did not doubt our being welcome though it had been Lent. This was resolved on in the city of Armagh, where there is a Governor, [f] a very honest fellow with a black beard, who uses every one well according to his poor ability, and would use them much better if he had more of the thing the English call "means."

We set out from that city for the town commonly called Newry, which was one day's journey. There, to speak the truth, we were not very well entertained, nor according to our qualities; for that town produces nothing but lean beef, and very rarely mutton; the very worst wine; nor was there any bread, except biscuits, even in the Governor's house.[g] However, we did our best to

[f] *Governor,*—viz., at Armagh. It is evident that this is a periphrastic allusion by Bodley to himself. He was, as will be subsequently noticed, at this time commissioned to superintend the erection of small fortifications or entrenchments, whereby the detachments of the army would be secure from sudden attack; and had erected one at Armagh, where he must have been "commanding officer," which he renders in Latin by "Gubernator." The real governor was Sir Henry Danvers.

[g] *Biscuits, &c., &c.*—If the wretched state of Newry as to the "vivers," (after which Bodley had as keen an eye as the other "old soldier" Dalgetty,) be not an exaggeration, it must be accounted for by the fact that, during the whole of the previous year, Sir Arthur Chichester's and Sir Richard Moryson's troops had been employed in completely devastating the Counties of Armagh and Tyrone; so that O'Neill (or Tyrone as he was usually called) might not get provision for his men or horses: as for cows, it is stated that he drove them all away into his fastnesses, where, at one time, it is said he had 30,000 head. Biscuit appears to have formed the staple rations of the soldiers of those days. Fynes Moryson relates, that before the very brisk engagement with Tyrone at Carlingford, on 13th Nov. 1600, Mountjoy's army took their dinner heartily of biscuits with butter; and in the sea-stores given to the Spaniards, sent home after the capture of Kinsale in 1602, biscuit forms a large item in comparison with flesh, fish, or butter. Although not exactly connected with the subject at present before us, it may be interesting to the reader to give the price per lb. at which these stores were furnished and charged by the government commissary, as set forth in the Pacata Hibernia:—

Biscuit, 2¾d per lb.	Fish, 4d.
Butter, 6d.	Rice, 6d.
Flesh, 4d.	

all of them rather (and rice considerably so), above our usual contract prices of the present day. Now let us see what was the pay of the army out of which they had to pay for provisions at the above prices:—

Colonel 10s 0d per day,	having an *English* horse, 1s 6d per day,
Captain, 4s 0d do.	Sergeant, } do.
Lieutenant, 2s 6d, do.	Drummer, } 1s 0d.
Cornet, 2s 0d, do.	Surgeon!! }
Ensign, 1s 6d, do.	Soldier, 8d.
Horseman, 1s 3d, do.; or if an *Englishman*, and	

(Fynes Moryson's History, Book 1st, cap. 1, p. 66, edition of 1735.) The curious classification, where the private Dragoon has nearly the same pay as the Ensign, and the Surgeon (query Barber-Surgeon?) is on a par with the Sergeant, and Drummer, affords curious

be merry and jocund with the bad wine, putting sugar in it, (as the senior lawyers are used to do, with Canary wine,)—with toasted bread, which in English is called "a lawyer's nightcap." There we found Captain Adderton, an honest fellow and a friend of ours, who, having nothing to do, was easily persuaded to accompany us to Lecale.

So the next morning we four take horse and set out. We had no guide except Captain Caulfield, who promised he would lead us very well. But before we had ridden three miles we lost our way and were compelled to go on foot, leading our horses through bogs and marshes, which was very troublesome; and some of us were not wanting who swore silently between our teeth, and wished our guide at a thousand devils. At length we came to some village of obscure name, where, for two brass shillings, we brought with us a countryman who might lead us to the Island of Magennis,[h] ten miles distant from the town of Newry: for Master Morrison had promised he would meet us there.

The weather was very cold, and it began to roar dreadfully with a strong wind in our faces, when we were on the mountains, where there was neither tree nor house; but there was no remedy save patience. Captain Bodley alone had a long cloak, with a hood, into which he prudently thrust his head, and laughed somewhat into himself to see the others so badly armed against the storm.

We now came to the island of Magennis, where,

melius esse hilares et jocundi cum illo malo vino, ponentes saccharum intus, ut solent seniores Jurisconsulti in vino Canarico, cum tosto pane, quod Anglicé "a lawyer's nightcap" dicitur. Ibi nos invenimus Capitanum Addertonum, probum virum et amicum nostrum, qui nihil habens ad agendum, facile persuasus comitare nos ad Lecaliam.

Ita sequente mane nos quatuor capimus equos nostros et progredimur. Guidam non habuimus nisi Capitanum Caulfieldum qui promisit se velle nos optimé ducere. Sed antequam tria millia equitavissemus nos fuimus extra viam, et fuimus compulsi ire pedites, ducentes equos nostros supper boggos et paludes, quod erat valde molestum, et non deerant ex nobis aliqui qui jurabant tacité inter dentes nostros, et optabant guidam nostrum ad mille diabolos. Tandem venimus ad oppidulum quoddam obscuro nomine, ubi, pro duobus solidis æneis, conduximus rusticum quendam qui portaret nos ad insulam Magnesii, decem millibus distantem ab oppido Newrii, quia illic Dominus Morrisonus promiserat se nobis obviam daturum.

Cœlum erat frigidissimum, et cepit mugire teribilissimè cum magno vento in faciebus nostris, quando fuimus supra montes, ubi non erat arbor nec domus aliqua; sed non erat remedium nisi patentia. Solus Capitanus Bodleus habuit togam oblongam cum Capuchio, in quo trusit caput suum prudenter, et risit aliquando apud se videre reliquos tam malè armatos contra illam tempestatem.

Jam venimus ad Insulam Magnesii ubi descen-

food for comparison and reflection to the statistician or economist of the present day.

[h] *Island of Magennis.*—This was at Castlewellan, where was one of the strongholds of the Magennises, the others being at Newcastle and Scarva. This family, one of the most ancient and noble in Ulster, had at this time for its chief, Arthur Magennis, who, having made his submission to the Queen, was secured in the possession of his lands, and was shortly afterwards created a peer, by the title of Lord Magennis of Iveagh. For further particulars concerning him, and his wife Lady Sara, the reader is referred to a preceding article in the present volume of this Journal p. 47. Note.

dentes equos occurrimus Domino Morrisono et Capitano Conestabulo, cum multis aliis, quos brevitatis causâ prætermitto. Illi ibi manserant ad minimum tres horas expectantes adventum nostrum; et interea biberunt cerevisiam et usquebathum cum Dominâ Sarâ, filiâ Tironi, et uxore prædicti Magnetii; pulcherrimâ sane fæminâ; ita ut ego credam quod illæ tres horæ non videbantur illis plus quam unum minutum; præsertim Domino Connestabulo qui est naturâ suâ valde amorosus, non mulierum modo, sed canum etiam et equorum. Nos etiam bibimus bis vel ter; et postquam ordine illi oscula dedissemus, ad iter nostrum nos singuli accingimus.

Erant ab illâ insulâ decem vel duodecem milliaria ad Dounum Patricii, ubi Dominus Morrisonus habitabat; et videbatur iter multo longius propter desiderium quod habuimus esse ibi. Tandem, ut omnia habent finem, (et fartum duos, sicut est in proverbio,) nos venimus per parvum et parvum, ad dictum domum. Et jam incipit illa tractatio plusquam Lucullana, quam neque Cicero, cujus phrasmi in scribendo ego potissimúm imito, (quamvis "O imitatores, servum pecus!" dicit Horatius) neque alius quispiam Latinorum vel Grecorum, verbis satis aptis exprimere queat.

Cum jam propinquarâmus intra jactum lapidis ad ædes vel potiús palatium dicti Domini Morrisoni, ecce! statim innumeri servi! alii cum facibus et tædis quia tenebrosum erat; alii simul ut descendimus capiunt nobis nostros equos et ducunt illos in pulchrum et spatiosum stabulum, ubi nec fœnum nec avenæ deerant. Ipse Dominus Morrisonus

alighting from our horses, we met Master Morrison and Captain Constable; with many others, whom, for the sake of brevity, I pass by. They had tarried there at least three hours, expecting our arrival; and, in the mean time, drank ale and usquebaugh with the Lady Sara, the daughter of Tyrone, and wife of the aforesaid Magennis; a truly beautiful woman: so that I can well believe these three hours did not appear to them more than a minute, especially to Master Constable, who is by his nature very fond, not of women only, but likewise of dogs and horses. We also drank twice or thrice, and after we had duly kissed her, we each prepared for our journey.

It was ten or twelve miles from that island to Downpatrick, where Master Morrison dwelt; and the way seemed much longer on account of our wish to be there. At length, as all things have an end, and a black pudding two (as the proverb hath it) we came by little and little to the said house. And now began that more than Lucullan entertainment, which neither Cicero, whose style in composition, I chiefly imitate, (although Horace says, "O imitators! a slavish herd), nor any other of the Latin or Greek authors, could express in suitable terms.

When we had approached within a stone's throw of the house,—or rather palace[i]—of the said Master Morrison—behold! forthwith innumerable servants! some light us with pinewood lights and torches because it is dark; others, as soon as we alight, take our horses, and lead them into a handsome and spacious stable, where neith-

[i] *Palace*.—This is rather an hyperbolical term to apply to an edifice which plainly contained only three apartments, viz., kitchen, dining-hall, and sleeping apartment; yet, in the state of barrack accommodation in those days it may have appeared imposing enough, in the eyes of an old campaigner. It may have been a portion of the old castle which stood at the foot of the hill of Downpatrick, where, we may suppose, access was given to the mainland, and the last remains of which,—the tall square tower,—were removed only some four or five years ago.

er hay nor oats are wanting. Master Morrison himself leads us by wide stairs into a large hall where a fire is burning the height of our chins, as the saying is; and afterwards into a bed-chamber, prepared in the Irish fashion.

per largos gradus nos ducit in magnam aulam, ubi fuit jam accensus ignis ad mentum usque, ut aiunt; et postea in cubiculum *Iricè paratum.*[j]

Here having taken off our boots, we all sit down and converse on various matters; Captain Caulfield about supper and food, for he was very hungry; Captain Constable about hounds, of which he had there some excellent ones, as he himself asserted; and the rest about other things. Master Morrison ordered a cup of Spanish wine to be brought, with burnt sugar, nutmeg, and ginger; and made us all drink a good draught of it, which was very grateful to the palate, and also good for procuring an appetite for supper, if any one needed such.

Hic omnes, exutis ocreis, consedimus, et de variis rebus confabulamur. Capitanus Caulfieldus de et cœnâ (et) cibis; quia valde esuriebat; Capitanus Connestabulus de canibus venaticis quos illic habebat optimos, ut ipse dicebat; et alii de aliis rebus. Jubet Dominus Morrisonus adferri cyathum de vino Hispanico, cum saccharo tosto, nuce muschatâ, et gingibere; et fecit nos omnes bibere unum bonum haustum illius vini, quod erat valde gratum pallato, et etiam bonum ad procurandum appetitum ad cænam, si quis non haberet.

In an hour we heard some one down in the kitchen calling with a loud voice "To the Dresser." Forthwith we see a long row of servants, decently dressed, each with dishes of the most select meats, which they place on the table in the very best style. One presents to us a silver basin with the most limpid water; another hands us a very white towel; others arrange chairs and seats in their proper places.—"What need of words, let us be seen in action,"—(as Ajax says in Ovid.) Grace having been said we begin to fix our eyes intently on the dishes, whilst handling our knives: and here you might have plainly seen those Belgian feasts, where, at the beginning is silence, in the middle the cranching of teeth, and at the end the chattering of the people." For at first we sat as if rapt and astounded by the variety of meats and dainties,—like a German I once saw depicted

Post horam unam audivimus quendam inferiùs in culinâ, alta voce vocantem "Ad Dresserum." Statim vidimus unum filum longum servorum honestè vestitorum, singuli cum patinis selectissimi cibi quas mensæ optimo ordine apponunt: alius lavacrum argenteum cum aquâ limpidissimâ nobis offert; alius linteum nitidissimum porrigit; alii cathedras et sedilia propris locis disponunt.

"Denique quid verbis opus est, spectemur agendo,"

(ut dicit Ajax apud Ovidium.) Post gratiarum actionem, strictis cultellis oculos in patinis intente figere cepimus; et hic plané vidisses Epulas Belgicas ubi

"In principio est silentium,"
"In medio stridor dentium,"
"Et in fine rumor gentium."

In principio enim ciborum varietate et deliciis tanquam rapti et attoniti sedebamus, in modum cujusdam Germani quem ego aliquando depictum

[j] *Irice paratum*.—These words are so illegibly written in the M.S. that the translator is at a loss to put them into any other form than that now given.

vidi in tabulâ, stantem inter duas ampullas—alteram vini albi, alteram clareti—cum hoc motto: "Quo me vertam nescio."

Sed post parum tempus nos cadimus rotunde ad singulas patinas, vocantes nunc et tunc pro vino, nunc et tunc pro servitio, quisque pro abitrio suo. In medio cænæ jussit Dominus Morrisonus sibi dari ampullam vitream vino clareto repletam quæ continebat, (ut conjicio,) decem vel undecim pollices circum circa, et bibit ad nostrûm omnium sanitatem et gratum adventum. Nos libenter ab eo excipimus, dantes illi gratias, et bibentes unus post alium quantum ille præbiberat. Postea incepit quatuor vel quinque alias sanitates optimorum virorum et amicorum nostrorum, quemadmodum solet Illustrissimus Dominus nunc Thesaurarius Hibermiæ in suis prandiis. Et est res valdè laudabilis, et habet fortasse plus intus quam aliquis crederet; et nemo fuit ex nobis qui non fecit et illi et alteralteri rationem sine ullo scrupulo vel contradictione; quod ego valde lætabar videre, quia erat argumentem unanimitatis et confirmatæ amicitiæ.

Sunt enim multi (quod non possum loqui sine magno et intimo dolore) qui nolunt bibere sanitates apud alios; sedentes nihilominus in eorum societate qui bibunt, et non facientes ut illi faciunt, quod est omnium rerum turpissimum. Et quia jam incidi in istum sermonem de potatione, ego dicam aliquid per viam digressionis de hâc re. Non diu est quod fui apud aliquos bonos socios qui potabant sanitates in usquebatho, ubi qui-

standing between two jars, the one of white wine the other of claret, with this motto: "I know not which way to turn."

But after a short time we fall to roundly on every dish, calling now and then for wine, now and then for attendance, everyone according to his whim. In the midst of supper Master Morrison ordered be given to him a glass goblet full of claret, which measured (as I con_jecture) ten or eleven inches roundabout, and drank to the health of all, and to our happy arrival. We freely received it from him, thanking him, and drinking, one after the other, as much as he drank before us. He then gave four or five healths of the chief men, and of our absent friends, just as the most illustrious Lord, now Treasurer of Ireland,[k] is used to do at his dinners. And it is a very praiseworthy thing, and has perhaps more in it than any one would believe; and there was not one among us who did pledge him and each other without any scruple or gainsay, which I was very glad to see; for it was a proof of unanimity and assured friendship.

For there are many, (a thing I can't mention without great and extreme sorrow,) who won't drink healths with others; sitting, nevertheless, in the company of those who do drink, and not doing as they do; which is of all things, the most shameful. And since I have now happened upon this discourse on drinking, I will say something, by way of digression, on the subject. Not long ago I was in company with some boon companions, who

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[k] *Lord Treasurer.*—The Treasurer of Ireland at this time was Sir George Cary, whose character, hinted at by Moryson and Camden, in the affair of the issuing of the Base Money, (as hereafter more fully noted) being that of an avaricious and grasping peculator, would lead to the inference that Bodley, in alluding to his custom of drinking healths at his dinners, is speaking ironically. Other instances occur in the "Journey" which place his irony beyond doubt; indeed, wherever he can, he introduces good-humoured personalities.

were drinking healths in usquebaugh, when one was present who wished to appear more abstemious than the rest, and would not drink with them; to whom one of them, (who could not speak Latin as well as I do,) said these words: "Si tu es plus sapientes quam nos sumus, tu es plus beholden to God Almighty quam nos sumus," which was most nobly said and very apposite. And I saw with my own eyes, when I was in Poland, a certain person, sitting at table with many others and refusing to drink as they drank, thrust out of doors by the head and shoulders, with great disgrace, and made almost unfit for all civilized society. For, at table, he who does not receive whatsoever healths may be proposed by another, does so, either because he likes not the proposer, or him to whom they drink, or the wine itself. Truly I would not willingly have any dealings with him who undervalues either me, or my friend, or lastly, wine, the most precious of all things under heaven.

But if any such person think he should go excused, because he cannot bear wine, owing to the weakness of his brain, he may depend that it happens through his own fault; to wit, because he does not sufficiently accustom himself to wine: for by a daily and frequent use of wine, he will so easily familiarize himself to it (for custom, according to Galen, is second nature,) that he may quaff as many cups as he pleases, not only without injury, but even with the greatest pleasure and delight. But if he abstains from potations because he thinks that from them arises the cause, sometimes of quarrels, sometimes of mischief, let him understand that such things happen not from wine, but from the vicious natures of men; from which it is rather to be deduced that, by a continual habit of

dam fuit præsens qui voluit videri continentior reliquis, et noluit bibere cum illis; ad quem unus ex illis (qui non potuit loqui Latiné tam bene ut ego) dixit hæc verba—"Si tu es plus sapientes quam nos sumus, tu es plus beholden to God Almighty quam nos sumus."—quod erat valde egregié dictum et bene adpositum. Et ego vidi oculis meis quando fuit in Polloniâ, quod quidam sedens ad mensam cum multis aliis, et negans bibere sicut illi bibebant, fuit extrusus ex ostio per caput et humeros magno dedecore, et factus incapabilis omnis fere humanæ societatis. Cænæ enim, qui sanitates quantascunque sibi ab alio propinatas non admittit, id fecit, aut quia personam propinantem, aut illum cujus gratiæ propinantur, aut quia vinum ipsum non amat. Ego vero nullum cum illo libenter commercium haberem, qui vel me, vel amicum meum, vel denique vinum, rerum omnium sub cœlo pretiosissimum, vilipendet.

Quod si aliquis talis putet se excusatum iri quia vinum ferre non potest propter cerebri sui imbecilitatem, credat illam culpâ suâ evenire, scilicet, quia non satis se vino assuefacit; facilé enim per quotidianum et frequentem vini usum illud sibi ita familiare faciet (nam consuetudo secundum Galenum altera natura est) ut non modo sine nocumento sed summo etiam cum desiderio et voluptate quantacunque pocula exhauriat. Si vero a potationibus abstineret, quia ab illis aliquando malorum causam esse existimat; sciat hoc non ex vino sed ex hominum vitiis provenire; quo magis elaborandum est ut ex continuâ bibendi consuetudine illa vitia etiam ebrii evitemus, quæ sobrii evitare conamur. Et ego pro meâ parte semper putavi abthemios ipsos conscios esse sibi magni ali-

cujus criminis quod ebrios se prodituros verebantur. Est enim vinum Ebrietatis pater, Ebrietatis vero mater Veritatis, quamvis nonnulli dicant Veritatem esse Temporis filiam; sed illi ita putabant quia vinum bibitur semper in tempore, et requirit tempus ad inebriandum hominem.

Sed videor mihi audire Catonem aliquem severum, qualis illi sunt qui in barbis longis et bene *completis*[1] summum bonum ponunt; videor, inquam, illum audire loquentem.—"Tune ebrietatem nobis laudas, quæ non solum corporis vires enervat, sed animum etiam languidiorem, et ingenii acumen hebetius reddat?" Taceas, quæso, mi bone Cato, nisi primum nobis distinguas quid sit ebrietas; nam qui bene distinguit, bene docet. Sunt, enim, gradus quidam ebrietatis: "sunt certi denique fines:" nec ille verè ebriacus appellari potest qui aliquoties vino vincitur, sed qui ita vino indulget ut, neglectis omnibus aliis negotiis, semper habet nasum in poculo, sine respectu loci in quo, personarum cum quibus, vel temporis quando bibit.

Volo enim inebriari nihil aliud esse nisi aliquando cum ratione insanire; quemadmodum si quis sumeret medicinam aliquam intoxicantem cerebrum, vel fortasse nauseam procurantem, vomitum, vel somnum; cujus generis multæ sunt, ut antimonium, nux vomica, papaver, mandragora, et aliæ ejusmodi; quæ tamen postea morbum ali-

drinking, we may avoid, when drunk, those vices we endeavour to avoid when sober. And for my part I have ever thought the abstemious are self-conscious of some great crime, which they fear they would betray if drunk. For Wine is the father of Ebriety, but Ebriety is the mother of Truth,—although some may say that Truth is the daughter of Time: but they think so because wine is always drunk in good time, and it requires time to make a man drunk.

But I think I hear some severe Cato—such as they are who place their greatest happiness in in long and "*well got-up*" beards—I say I think I hear him saying,—"Dost thou to us praise Drunkenness, which enervates not only the powers of the body, but enfeebles the spirit, and dulls the sharpness of the intellect?"—Silence, I prithee, my good Cato, unless you first of all explain to us what Drunkenness is; for he who well explaineth teacheth well. There are certain gradations of Drunkenness; there are certain limits; nor can he be in reality styled a drunkard who is occasionally conquered by wine; but he who so indulges that, neglecting all other business, he hath always his nose in the cup, without regard to the place where, the persons with whom, or the time when, he drinketh.

For I maintain that being drunk is nothing else than being sometimes rationally mad; just as if one should take any medicine that intoxicates the brain, or produces, perhaps, nausea, vomiting or sleep; of which there are many, as antimony, nux vomica, opium, mandrake, and such like; and yet which may subsequently expel some dis-

[1] *Completis.*—This is the only explanation the translator can give of the contraction, "*complis*," as it appears in the MS. It would mean "furnished" or "complete" (the latter word being a derivative of it) and is expressed by the modern phrase "*well-got-up*."

ease, and conduce to health. Even Hippocrates himself, the prince of physicians, recommends, amongst other things that contribute to health, an immoderate potation of wine at least once a-month. And I remember having heard that a certain most learned physician, when he was asked by a friend—"Why he drank so much wine himself, and was almost daily drunk, although to others he preached abstinence from wine, whereby they might prolong their life?"–replied–"that he lived more in one day by living his own way and according to his own will, than if he had lived a whole year according to the laws of physic." And certainly there are more old drunkards, than old physicians, as Rabelais says.

I could, indeed, adduce in corroboration of my opinion, almost innumerable instances of illustrious and learned men, who were wont to get drunk after the manner I have mentioned. But what need is there for particular examples when so many countries on the globe are so addicted to potations that you would suppose they did scarcely anything else than drink; to wit, Flanders, Germany, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, with many others, now too tedious to particularize. Much more could be said on this point, but I wish not to amplify farther; for the thing is as clear in itself as the day. I will therefore conclude with these lines of Horace, which are worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold, on every table:

"What does not Ebriety effect? It conceals things which were public;
It commands hope to be realized; it impels the unarmed to battle;
Removes the burthen from troubled minds; and teaches the arts.
Whom have not flowing cups made eloquent?
Whom not made free under pinching poverty?"

quem pelleret, et ad sanitatem conduceret. Ipse etiam Hippocrates, medicorum princeps, inter alia quæ ad sanitatem conferunt, immodicam vini potationem semel saltem in mense prescribit. Et ego memini me audivisse quod medicus quidam doctissimus cum interrogaretur ab amico suo—"Cur tantum vini biberet, et quotidie ferè inebriaretur, cum ipse aliis abstinentiam a vino prædicaret, quo vitam prolongarent?"–respondit—"se plus vivere uno die, vivendo suo modo et secundum propriam voluntatem, quam si viveret integrum annum secundùm leges physicas." Et profecto plures sunt senes ebrii quam senes medici, ut dicit Rabelesius.

Possem equidem proferre ad corroborandam sententiam infinita ferè exempla virorum illustrium et literatorum, qui isto modo quem ego propono inebriari solebant. Sed quid opus est exemplis particularibus cum regiones plurimæ in hôc orbe terrarum ita potationibus deditæ sunt, ut nihil fere aliud agere nisi bibere illas existimares;—scilicet, Belgia, Germania, Pollonia, Dania, Scania, Norwegia, cum multis aliis quas nunc perscribere longum est. Multa possunt plura dicta super istum punctum, sed nolo illud ulterius amplificare, quia res per se tam clara est ut dies. Concludam igitur cum his Horatii versibus, qui digni literis aureis in omnibus mensis insculpendi:

"Quid non ebrietas designat? Aperta recondit;
Spes jubet esse ratas: in prelia trudit inermem;
Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes;
Fœcundi calices quem non fecêre disertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum?[m]

[m] *Quid non ebrietas, &c.*—In the M.S. in the Brit. Mus. there are no less than three orthographical errors in this well-known quotation from the Epistles of Horace, (1st Book, 5th Ep.) which could scarcely have occurred

Nunc ad Lecaliam revertamur :—ubi finitâ cœnâ, quæ ut dixi fuit lautissima, intramus iterum in cubiculum, ubi erat magnus ignis (quia illo tempore valdè frigebat foras) et scamna parata ad sedendum super, et multum tobacci cum nitidis pipis appositum. Etiam vinum ceperat parum operari nobiscum, et ingenium erat singulis paulò acutius; omnes simul garire, omnes simul petere audientiam; quod Sirrus Rogerus Williamsus, dignæ memoriæ, solebat vocare Academiam suam;

Let us now return to Lecale; where the supper, (which, as I have said, was most elegant,) being ended, we again enter our bed-room, in which was a large fire, (for at the time it was exceedingly cold out of doors) and benches for sitting on; and plenty of tobacco, with nice pipes, was set before us. The wine also had begun to operate a little on us, and every one's wits had become somewhat sharper; all were gabbling at once, and all sought a hearing at once: like what Sir Roger Williams,[n] of worthy

had the writer been even not above mediocrity as a Latin scholar, and this almost proves that it is not Bodley's original M.S.

[n] *Sir Roger Williams.*—This gallant old soldier, styled by Bodley "of worthy memory," is worthy of a more lengthened notice than can be given in a perhaps even too lengthened annotation; not only because he appears to have been in many respects the model by which Bodley ruled his own conduct, as a straightforward and plain-speaking soldier, but as being in Elizabeth's days the counterpart, to a marvel, of a hero now lately passed away—"honest Charlie Napier," — whose name will live in the memory of many a soldier of Victoria's reign,as that of Williams did in those of Queen Bess. "He was" says Camden, "a Welsh gentleman, and first tried his fortune in the army under the Duke of Alva, (1559 to 1573,) and afterwards having obtained a full and complete experience of the arts and discipline of war, he was, perhaps, no way inferior to the best soldier of that age, could he have put bounds to his courage, which ran quite away with his conduct and discretion." In 1581, being with the English army, in the Lower Countries, under Norris, a captain of the "Epirots" named Thomas, challenged Norris to single combat; whereupon Williams accepted the challenge; because, Norris being General, might not accept it, by the law of arms. After they had tried their skill a little while in the view of both armies, and neither of them had received a wound, they sat down where they fought, and drank a hearty cup together, and so parted friends. Whereupon Camden indulges in a homily on the way in which "the English in these Netherland wars learned to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and, by drinking other's healths, to impair their own;" offering a curious contrast to Bodley's essay on health-drinking, as given in the text above. In 1586, at Venlo, (also in the Netherlands,) Williams and a Frieslander named Skerk, with a chosen band, attacked the strongly-fortified camp of the Prince of Parma, at midnight, for the purpose of forcing their way into the city. They reached the very centre; but, being about to be overpowered, made good their retreat, after committing considerable slaughter. In 1587, he was one of the defenders of Sluys, which held out most obstinately; but, Leicester, the Queen's favourite, having come to the Netherlands for the purpose of raising the siege, returned to England (not without suspicions of cowardice) and they were obliged to surrender. In 1588, he was appointed one of the Council of Five, to "consult about the best way of managing the war at land" in the event of the Armada coming: and Miss Strickland, in her Life of Elizabeth, states, that he was second in command, under Leicester, of the forces assembled at Tilbury Fort, and received Queen Elizabeth there. We can imagine the contempt with which the old soldier looked on the sexagenarian Queen acting the Amazon, and on her favourite who had deserted him and his brave companions at Sluys in the preceeding year. Perhaps he had not concealed his feelings on the subject, for Miss Strickland relates a very characteristic anecdote, (without naming her authority,) of an interview he had with Elizabeth. It being in less *polished* days than the present,—when Warren and Day and Martin are our most *shining* characters,—Sir Roger had greased his jack boots, and stamped into the Queen's presence, to prefer some request; and, having kissed her Majesty's hand, was proceeding with his suit, when the Queen, who prided herself on the delicacy of her olfactory nerves, and who probably liked not the plain old soldier, interrupted him with—"Oh! Sir Roger, how your boots stink!"'—'Please your Majesty" replied he, "it is my suit (request) stinks,'and not my boots"—and stamped out of the presence. In 1591 he was sent to Dieppe, with express orders to lie on the French coast; but being in want of employment he marched on to Paris, and sent a letter to the Spaniards, challenging them to send 200 pikemen and 1000 musketeers to engage in the field with the same number of English,—which the Spaniards most prudently declined. Sir Roger died in London, in 1595. Camden says "the Earl of Essex (the favourite of the day) attended his funeral,—which was solemnized at St. Paul's,—besides as many officers of the army as were then in town. It was undoubtedly by a singular excellence in him that he was capable, upon the bare stock of experience, of writing an exquisite and most judicious History of the Low Country Wars, in which he was an actor, and of maintaining as he did, in an admirable book on the subject, the art of fighting as it is now practised, against that which was in former ages; to the great mortification of the antiquated admirers of bows and arrows." Such was Sir Roger Williams; and such (only with a better knowledge of, and respect for discipline, but with similar courage and honesty) was Sir Charles Napier. May the future furnish many such!

memory, used to call "his academy," to wit, where all were speakers, and no listeners. And it is not true what some say,—" When wine is in wit is out"; unless they mean thereby, that, when any one is full of wine, then his wit, which was previously hidden and unknown, exhibits itself openly and plainly. For if any sober person had been present at that time in any corner of the room, I doubt not that he would have heard very remarkable and witty things, which I cannot now recollect.

I remember, however, that we conversed profoundly about things political, economical, philosophical, and much else; and amongst other things, we said that the time was now happily different, from when we were before Kinsale at Christmas of last year, when we suffered intolerable cold, dreadful labour, and a want of almost everything; drinking the very worst. We compared events, till lately unhoped for, with the past, and with those now hoped for. Lastly, reasoning on everything, we conclude that the verse of Horace, (Ode 37, Book Ist.,) squares exceedingly well with the present time: namely, "that now is the time for drinking, that now is the time for thumping the floor with a loose foot." Therefore, after a little, Captain Jephson calls for usquebaugh, and we all immediately second him with one consent, calling out "Usquebaugh, Usquebaugh,"—for we could make as free there as in our own quarters.

ubi omnes, scilicet, erant locutores, nulli auditores. Et non est verum quod aliqui dicunt—"quando vinum est intus ingenium est extra"—nisi vellent significare per id quod quando aliquis est plenus vini, tunc ingenium ejus monstrat se palam et manifestè quod fuit priùs absconditum et incognitum. Nam, si aliquis sobrius fuisset præsens ibi illo tempore in aliquo angulo illius cubiculi, ego non dubito quin ille audivisset res valdè memorabiles et ingeniosas, quas nunc non possum recordari.

Memini, tamen, nos de rebus politicis, œconomicis, philosophicis, et multis aliis, profundè sermonâsse; et inter alia dixisse quod tempus jam erat bene mutatum ex quo fuimus ante Kinsale, præterito anno in Natalitiis, quando patiebamur frigus intolerabile, terribilem laborem, et penuriam ferè omnium rerum; bibentes pessimum. Cum præteritis nuper desperata, cum jam speratis conferimus.[o] Denique de omnibus rebus ratiocinantes concludimus illud Horatii carmen (Ode 37, lib. 1.) optimè quadrare his temporibus, scilicet—"nunc esse bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsandam tellurem."[p]— Itaque paulò post Capitanus Jephsonus vocat pro usquebatho, et statim omnes uno consensu secundamus illum, clamantes, Usquebathum, Usquebathum, (nam potuimus esse ibi tam audaces ut in Garrisonis nostris.)

[o] *Cum præteritis, &c.*—This sentence, as given in the MS., is rather obscure; it is probably a quotation, and there may be some word omitted. The meaning appears to be "that by comparing the present times, when the power of Tyrone was so much humbled, with that which had passed, when he had won the victory on the Blackwater, and nearly effected a junction with the Spaniards at Kinsale, they might hope that still more favourable times were in store for them." And certainly they were: for in two months after that time, Tyrone had made his submission to Mountjoy, and was preparing to accompany him to England, to render homage to James; Elizabeth having died a week before Tyrone submitted.

[p] *Nunc esse bibendum, &c.*—The manner in which Bodley alters this quotation from the nominative, to the accusative before the infinitive, that it may agree with the previous part of his sentence, shows his grammatical knowledge of Latin, and strengthens the conclusion that a MS. so full of bad orthography, which from the nature of the language, causes grammatical errors, cannot be his own original.

Et præterea non erat sine ratione bibere usquebathum; quia erat optimum remedium contra frigus instantis noctis, et bonum ad digerendum crudos vapores illius vini Gallici, et super omnia salubre in istis regionibus, ubi sacerdotes ipsi qui sunt viri sancti, (ut abbas Armacensis, Episcopus Cashellensis, et alii,) ac etiam viri nobiles, (ut Henricus ogus MacMahonus MacHenricus,) et omnis generis viri et fœminæ, nocte dieque usquebathum in gutturES suos infundunt; idque non ad hilaritatem modo, quod esset laudabile, sed ad continuam ebrietatem quod est valdè detestabile.

Postquam, igitur, quisque duas vel tres sanitates bibisset, discurrendo semper, inter unamquamque sanitatem, de rebus gravibus et ad rempublican pertinentibus, (inter quas multa de Mario et Syl-

Besides it was not without reason we drank usquebaugh; for it was the best remedy against the cold of that night, and good for dispersing the crude vapours of the French wine; and pre-eminently wholesome in these regions, where the priests themselves, who are holy men,—as the Abbot of Armagh,[q] the Bishop of Cashel,[r] and others; and also noble men,—as Henry Oge McMahon McHenry[s]—and men and women of every rank —pour usquebaugh down their throats by day and by night; and that not for hilarity only, (which would be praiseworthy,) but for constant drunkenness, which is detestable.

Therefore after every one had drank two or three healths, still discoursing, between each health, on grave affairs relating to the State, (amongst which, many things concerning Marius

[q] *Abbot of Armagh.* Bodley must, by this title, mean the Roman Catholic Primate, who, at that time, was Peter Lombard, the son of a Waterford merchant, and who was educated as a Protestant at Westminster school, the learned Camden being his preceptor; but, whilst on the Continent, he became a Roman Catholic. It is stated in Stuart's History of Armagh, (page 272,) that, owing to the intolerant spirit of the times, "Lombard could not with safety reside in Ireland, and, therefore, had appointed a *Vicar* to preside in his Province. It is, therefore, more probable that it was this Vicar whose love of usquebaugh Bodley has thus chronicled; and who, doubtless, was well known by those for whose edification the "Journey" was originally composed.

[r] *Bishop of Cashel.*—This was a famous personage in his day, and has become recorded in Irish history.— Myler Magrath, an Irish Franciscan Friar, had been in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign Roman Catholic Bishop of Down. He thought fit to conform to the Protestant religion, and became a favourite with Elizabeth, visiting her court frequently; and was by her, in 1570, made Bishop of Clogher, and in the same year, translated to the Archbishoprick of Cashel: he died in 1612. He must have been looked on with contempt, even by Protestants; although it is probable that he was specified by Bodley as addicted to usquebaugh drinking merely on account of his Irish origin. Camden in his Annals of Elizabeth, Anno 1591, relates that Brian O'Rorke, Prince of Breffrey, having been delivered up by the King of the Scots, was tried in Westminster Hall, for high treason; and found guilty, and sentenced to death, although he declared that he did not know one word of English, and that the jury "might even do as they pleased." "He was hung at Tyburn" says Camden, "without the least remorse for his crime; but ridiculed *Meilery Creach* (Meyler Magrath) *Archbishop of Cassils*, who ministered advice and comfort to him in the Irish tongue; and charged him as a man of unsteady principles, and a lewd life; calling him a kind of apostate from the Franciscan Order."

[s] *Henry Oge McMahon McHenry.*—This was one of the Irish petty chieftains, living in the counties of Armagh and Monaghan, and whose names are of frequent recurrence in Fynes Moryson's History of Tyrone's Rebellion. Bodley appears to speak in seriousness on the subject of the tippling habits of the Irish, and is corroborated in the main points by contemporary writers. Moryson says "these drinks, the *English-Irish*, drink largely, and in many families (especially at feasts) both men and women use excesse therein." And old Stanihurst says in his "*De Rebus Hibernicis*" (here translated from the Latin) "they use, as an universal remedy, a certain fiery wine, unmixed with any other liquor, which is commonly called 'aquavitæ,' by the warmth of which their food is made more easy of digestion. They distil this kind of drink with such excellent skill, that, at the application of flame, the whole rapidly ignites like gunpowder", *(bellicus pulvis;)*—and he winds up an eulogy on it in English by terming it "a sovereigne liquor if it bee taken orderlie." Usquebaugh (pronounced in Irish Wisgébaha, i.e. Aqua-vitæ or the Water of Life) is now better known by its first component word, as "whiskey," and unfortunately has its too ardent votaries, as in Bodley's days; not, however, confined to those of Irish race, but extending to all other bloods, whether Saxon or Norman, who frequently, in that respect, have become "Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores."

and Sylla, some concerning Cæsar and Pompey, and also about Marcus Coriolanus, were most learnedly handled and most keenly argued) we all at once agree to go to bed. For-what because of the assailing fumes of the wine which now sought our heads, and by reason of the coolness of our brains, diffused themselves over our eyes,—what because of the fatigue from the previous day's journey—and what because of the hour itself, when the sun had advanced to the east from the meridian line of the other hemisphere, fifteen degrees, six minutes, five seconds and *four thirds*,[t]—we thought it right (as I have said) to rest for some hours. And behold, now, the great kindness that Master Morrison shows towards us! He gives up to us his own good and soft bed, and throws himself upon a pallet in the same chamber, and would not be persuaded by anything we could say, to lie in his own bed; and the pallet was very hard and thin such as they are wont to have who are called "Palatine" of great heroes.

I need not tell how soundly we slept till morning, for that is easily understood, all things considered; at least if the old syllogism be true: "He who drinks well sleeps well." We did not however pass the night altogether without annoyance: for Captain Constable's dogs, which were very badly educated, (after the Northern fashion)[v] were always jumping on the beds, and would not let us alone, although we beat them ever so often; which the said Constable took in dudgeon, especially when he

là, de Cæsare et Pompeio nonnulla, etiam de Marco Coriolano, doctissimè a nobis tractata, et subtilissimè disputata sunt,) simul omnes consentimus *eundum esse cubitum*. Nam *quid propter* ingruentes vini vapores qui jam capita nostra petebant, et per frigiditatem cerebri in oculos se diffundebant; quid propter lassitudinem ex precedentis diei itinere; et quid propter tempus ipsum in quo Sol ab alterius hemispherii lineâ meridianâ, quindecim gradus, minutos sex, cum quinque secundis *et quatuor tertiis*, versùs *orientem* peragraverat; putavimus bonum, (sicut dixi,) per aliquos horas requiescere. Et ecce! jam magnus favor quem Dominus Morrisonus ostendit nobis; ipse relinquit nobis lectum suum bonum et mollem; et jacit se super unum palatum, in eodem cubiculo, et noluit persuaderi propter omne quod nos potuimus dicere jacere in suo lecto; et erat palatum valde durum et tenue, sicut ille solent habere qui vocantur magnorum virorum Paletine.[u]

At cùm nos bene dormiêramus usque ad Auroram non opus est ut narrem, quia facile est indicari, consideratis considerandis, saltem si verum est syllogisma illud vetus—qui bene bibit, bene dormit. Non tamen omnino sine molestiâ noctem illam transegimus; nam canes illi Capitani Connestabuli qui erant valdè malè educati (more Septentrionali) se supersaltabant super lectos, et nunquam sinebant nos solos, quamvis multitoties illos tunderemus; quod dictus Connestabulus ac-

[t] *Four-thirds.*—This is the first attempt of our hero at at a pun, it being a play on the word "seconds" used just before it, and it is also a bit of burlesque on the minute calculations of science, which it is quite certain were unappreciated by the old soldier and classicist.

[u] *Palatine.*—The second and last pun, being better than the previous one, and perhaps good enough for the mess-room of two centuries and a-half ago; perhaps even better than some now perpetrated by Captains of Artillery, (as Bodley was,) yet still lacking something to gain a laugh from the fastidious critics of the present day. "Magnorum virorum" should, in the translator's opinion, be rather an ablative; but the pun on Palatine may have had some latent meaning, requiring the genitive, which cannot now be understood.

[v] *After the Northern fashion.*—A sly hit at Constable, who was, it is pretty certain, of the old Yorkshire family of that name; and is as much as to say "they are unmannerly dogs, but what else could you expect from a Yorkshire man, who does not know how to teach them good manners."

cepit in malem partem, præsertim quando audivit canes suos plorantes: sed totum erat unum propter id; quia non decet canes, qui sunt ex numero bestiarum, dormire cum hominibus, qui sunt animalia rationalia et risibilia, secundùm Philosophos.

Jam cùm Sol super lineam Eclipticam, super polos Zodiaci quartam ferè partem itineris sui diurni supra nostrum horizontem confecisset; et servi domestici, scientes quod erat tempus surgendi, in cubiculum nostrum venirent ad incendendum ignem; subitò sumus omnes expergefacti, et salutavimus alter alterum (sicut mos est apud bene educatos): sed erant ex nobis aliqui qui salutabant socios per viam de retro, quod non erat, meo judicio, valdè honestum, quamvis nonnulli dicunt esse bonum pro lumbis; sed nihil malè fit quod non malè accipitur. Antequam in lecto surgimus adfertur nobisvis quoddam aromaticum ex nobili *alâ*[w] cum saccharo et ovis concoctâ (Anglicè *Caudel)* ad stomachum confortandum et corroborandum; adfertur etiam cerevisia (si quis malet) cum tosto pane et nuce moschatâ, ad sitem sedandam, caput confirmandum, et jecur refrigerandum: adferuntur etiam *pipi* optimi tobacci ad rheumata et catarrhos expellendos.

Nunc alacres omnes ex lecto salimus; vestes induimus; ad ignem accedimus; et cum quisque paratus erat, pariter omnes foras egredimur, ad capiendum aërem qui est in illâ regione saluberrimus et amœnissimus, adeo ut si vellem illius loci commoditates omnes enumerare, non modò vires sed tempus ipsum mihi deficeret. Illud itaque

heard his dogs howling; but it was all as one for that; for it is not right that dogs, who are of the beasts, should sleep with men who are reasoning and laughing animals, according to the philosophers.

When the sun, on the line of the Ecliptic, over the poles of the Zodiac, had already made almost the fourth part of his daily journey above our horizon, and the domestics knowing that it was time for us to rise, came in to light the fire, we all suddenly awoke, and saluted each other, as is the custom with the well-educated. "Plura, quæ Anglicè nolunt propriè exprimi, Latinè amplius reddita sunt." Before we get out of bed they bring to us a certain aromatic of strong ale, compounded with sugar and eggs, (in English "caudle,") to comfort and strengthen the stomach; they also bring beer, (if any prefer it) with toasted bread and nutmeg, to allay thirst, steady the head, and cool the liver; they also bring pipes of the best tobacco to drive away rheums and catarrhs.

We now all jump quickly out of bed, put on our clothes, approach the fire, and, when all are ready, walk abroad together to take the air, which, in that region, is most salubrious and delightful, so that if I wished to enumerate all the advantages of the place, not only powers (of description) but time itself would be wanting. I shall

[w]*Ala*.—Bodley has coined this word to distinguish it from "*cerevisia*" which immediately follows. Ale is explained by Bailey's Dictionary as "*cerevisia sine humulis*," *Beer without hops;* and we know that until a recent period "bitter ale," was unknown. What a boon it would have been that morning to Bodley and those other "bold Britishers" who had been so lustily shouting for usquebaugh the night before—what a blessing it must now, like mercy, give and get, in the barrack-rooms of this second half of the nineteenth century, when English officers are *awakening* to a consciousness of the results of their first night's Irish campaign, and onslaught on usquebaugh.

therefore omit that, as being already known, and revert to ourselves, who, having now had a sufficient walk, returned to our lodging as dinner-time was at hand.

But how can we now tell about the sumptuous preparation of everything? How about the dinners? How about the suppers? How about the dainties? For we seemed as if present, (as you would suppose,) at the nuptial banquet to which some Cleopatra had invited her Antony; so many varieties of meats were there, so many kinds of condiments; about every one of which I would willingly say something, only that I fear being tedious. I shall therefore demonstrate, from a single dinner, what may be imagined of the rest. There was a large and beautiful collar of brawn, with its accompaniments, to wit, mustard and Muscadel wine; there were well-stuffed geese, (such as the Lord Bishop is wont to eat at Ardbraccan,)[x] the legs of which Captain Caulfield always laid hold of for himself; there were pies of venison and of various kinds of game; pasties also, some of marrow, with innumerable plums; others of it with coagulated milk,—such as the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London almost always have at their feasts; others, which they call Tarts, of divers shapes, materials and colours, made of beef, mutton and veal. I do not mention, because they are reckoned vulgar, other kinds of dishes, where-

tanquam satis cognitum relinquam, et ad nos ipsos redeo; qui jam satis perambulati ad hospitium revertimur; quia tempus prandendi appropinquabat.

Sed quid jam de apparatu rerum omnium opiparo? quid de prandiis? quid de cœnis? quid de obsoniis dixerimus? videbatur enim nobis nos epulis nuptialibus interfuisse, ut crederes Cleopatram aliquam Antonium suum invitâsse; tot erant ciborum varietates, tot condimentorum genera; de quibus singulis libenter aliquid dicerem nisi quod vereor esse tediosus. Unico igitur prandio quid de reliquis imaginandum demonstrabo. Fuit ibi magna et pulchra Collera Brauni cum suis sequacibus, sinapi, scilicet, et vino muscadello; fuerunt anseres abdomine onusto, quales Dominus Episcopus solet comedere apud Ardbraken, quorum crura Capitanus Caulfieldus semper rapiebat ad se; fuerunt artocrea ex carne ferinâ et ex variis volatilibus; pastilli etiam, alii ex medullâ cum prunis innumeris; alii ex *ejus*[y] cum lacte coagulato, quales Dominus Major et Vicecomites Londinenses semper ferè habent in conviviis; alii, quos Tartas vocant, diversis formis, diversis materiis, et diversis coloribus, de carne bovinâ, de vervecinâ, de vitulinâ. Taceo, quia inter vulgaria numerantur, de aliis ciborum generibus, quibus Gallia plurimum abundat, et quos illi *Quelq'choses* nominant. Nihil refero neque de delitiis quæ caseũm

[x] *Ardbraccan.*—The Lord Bishop here alluded to was Thomas Jones, Bishop of Meath, who, two years afterwards, was translated to the Archiepiscopate of Dublin. He was the fonnder of the Ranelagh family; died in 1619, and his monument is the most conspicuous object in the nave of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The Lord Deputy Mountjoy, on his route to the campaign in Ulster, in 1601, took up his quarters at Bishop Jones's Palace of Ardbraccan, and caused all the northern garrisons to meet him there on the 15th March. Amongst those assembled were Bodley, Moryson, Caulfield, Constable, and probably Adderton; and the allusion to the "well stuffed geese" must have conveyed a meaning to them that we cannot understand. It is likely an ironical reference to their reception by the Bishop.

[y] *Ejus.*—This must be a *lapsus pennæ*, and we should rather read *ea*, referring to "medullâ;" and it is so translated. It is a fair question for one ignorant of the archæology of Gastronomy, to ask—was marrow ever used in cream-tarts or cheese-cakes? for such are evidently the "*pastilli*" mentioned in this case; those previously named being "mince-pies." Why should not marrow have been used in them, as cheese, or "coagulated milk" must have been? Else whence their name? Let us hope this hint may not be lost, and that the Editor of our Journal may open an archæologico-gastronomical page.

comitabantur, quia fidem omnem superarent. Uno verbo dicam, omnia lautissimè, omnia copiosissimè nobis ibi subministrabantur.

Et ne quis putet—Deum nobis cibum, diabolum verò coquum misisse—(ut est in proverbio), fuit illic coquus quidam ita expertus in arte suâ, ut vix alius illi par invenire possit: et jam dicam unum superbum verbum—quod ego credo, quod Magister Robertus, coquus qui præest culinæ Domini Deputati (cum veniâ sit dictum) non est multò melior coquus, aut in suâ arte peritior quam ille—et nomen ejus est Philippus. Et hæc quidem sufficiant quod ad cibum et delicias. Verbum enim sapienti.

Si jam quæras nunquid aliud nobis oblectamentum fuerit præter ista quæ commemoravi—Infinita dico, et illa optima. Si enim equitandum nobis post prandium desiderium fuisset, vidisses statim decem vel duodecim pulchros equos, cum bonis Ephipicis et aliis ornamentis, ad iter paratos. Subito conscendimus: visitamus fontem et cathedram divi Patricii, castra antiqua, vel alia aliqua loca pro libito nostro; tandem domum reversi, folia picta, tabulæ, tesseræ nobis objiciuntur: et inter alia tobacco ille Indicus cujus nun-

in France much abounds, and which they designate "Quelq'choses."[z] Neither do I relate anything of the delicacies which accompanied the cheese, because they would exceed all belief. I may say in one word, that all things were there supplied us most luxuriously and most copiously.

And lest any one might think that God had sent us the meat, but the Devil the cook (as the proverb says) there was a cook there so expert in his art that his equal could scarce be found; and I shall now say one *big* word,—I believe that Master Robert, the cook who presides over the kitchen of the Lord Deputy,[a] (with pardon be it spoken) is not a much better cook, or more skilled in his art, than he—and his name is Philip. And truly this may suffice as to the dishes and dainties—for a word is enough to the wise.

If you now enquire whether there were any other amusements, besides those I have related, I say an infinite number, and the very best. For if we wished to ride after dinner, you would have seen forthwith ten or twelve handsome steeds with good equipments and other ornaments, ready for the road. We quickly mount; we visit the Well and Chair of St. Patrick,[b] the ancient Fort, or any other place according to our fancy; and at length returning home, cards, tables,[c] and dice are set before us, and amongst other things

[z] *Quelq'choses.*—Generally called "Kickshaws" by our older novelists and essay-writers, and by them used in the sense we now express by the words "*trifles*" or "*entremets.*"

[a] *Lord Deputy's Cook.*—Bodley rather audaciously here hints at the *gourmet* propensities of the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, a fact duly chronicled by his secretary, Fynes Moryson; and which will be again adverted to in the remarks on this article which follow.

[b] *Well and Chair of St. Patrick, &c.*—These are still in existence at Struel, about a mile S. E. of Downpatrick. St. Patrick's chair is a recess formed by three large stones or rocks, at the top of the precipitous hill up which those doing penance had to climb; and in which they in turn sat down. For particulars of the holy wells at Struel, see Harris's History of Down, p. 25; and Reeves's Eccl. Antiq. p. 42.—The ancient Fort or Dun, is as fine a specimen of its kind as exists in Ireland, and must have presented much to interest one so well skilled in the modern science of fortification as Bodley is stated by contemporary writers to have been.

[c] *Cards, Tables, &c.*—Bailey in his Dictionary gives *chartæ pictæ* (painted papers) as the Latin equivalent for playing-cards. Bodley's *folia picta* (painted leaves) is a better expression. The reader will call to mind the epithet of "the Deil's picture-beuks" applied to them by Burns. "Tables" was formerly the common name for backgammon; scarcely yet disused by some of our seniors.

that Indian tobacco (of which I shall never be able to make sufficient mention,) and of which I cannot speak otherwise; whereas there are many who loathe it, as not at all pleasant or necessary; and they do not so, like others who unnaturally, and from antipathy, dislike certain foods; just as Captain Morris hates eels, Captain Sydney cheese, Captain Windsor mutton-chops, and Captain Bodley usquebaugh, nevertheless admitting these things to be good in themselves, and freely allowing them to others; whereas those good fellows, (of whom I speak,) not only contemn tobacco themselves, but also advise others against it.

And I have now, for twelve years and more, been expecting some sound reason from them, to confirm that opinion; but have, as yet, heard none (that's worth a farthing); nor shall I ever hear one. Almost all have but one argument, that would make a dog laugh, and a horse break his halter, saying that neither our sires, nor grandsires took tobacco, yet they lived I know not how long. So indeed they lived until they died, despite of tobacco; but who knows if they might not have lived longer had they used tobacco? And if one who now uses tobacco die of any di-

quam satis meminisse potero; et de quo non possum aliter dicere; quia multi sunt qui illum respuunt tanquam minus jucundum vel necessarium, et isti non faciunt, sicut alii non naturaliter et ex antipathiâ quibusdam cibis abhorrent; ut Capitanus Morrisonus[d] anguillam, Capitanus Sydneus caseum, Capitanus Windsorus costas ovinas, et Capitanus Bodleus usquebathum odio persequitur; qui tamen res ipas per se bonas et salubres omnes confitentur, atque illas aliis libenter concedunt; ubi isti boni viri (de quibus ego loquor) non solum ipsi tobaccum contemnunt, sed etiam alios ab illo dissuadent.

Et ego jam per duodecim vel plures annos expectavi rationem aliquam solidam ab illis, ad confirmandum opinionem illam, sed adhuc nullam audivi (quæ valet obolum) neque unquam auditurus sum. Unum ferè omnes argumentum habet quod faceret canem ridere, et equum frangere capistrum suum, quando dicant quod nec avi nec proavi nostri sumebant tobaccum, attamen vixerunt nescio quamdiu. Ita sanè vixerunt usque ad mortem in despectu Tobacci; sed quis scit an diutius non vixissent si etiam Tobaccum sumpsissent? et si quis jam sumens Tobac-

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d *Capitanus Morrisonus.*—This name must have been written in mistake for *Morris*. No captain named *Morrison* appears in the lists of the day; but, Captain Edward *Morris* was frequently associated with Bodley and his companions. In 1600 he was quartered at Drogheda, whilst Bodley was at Newry; Adderton at Mountnorris; and Moryson, Caulfield, and Constable, at Dundalk. He was at the Siege of Kinsale in Dec. 1601, where he distinguished himself, in company with Bodley, Moryson, Caulfield, and Constable. In 1602 he was along with them in the army, under the immediate command of the Lord Deputy; and at the time Bodley wrote the "Journey" he was quartered at Mountjoy Fort, near Dungannon, and most probably was one of the original suggestors of the article. There can be no doubt of his being the person meant in the text, and his name is accordingly given in the translation. Captain John Sidney's name comes immediately after Bodley's, in the list of the captains of the old companies sent out of the Low Countries to Ireland, in 1598. Captain William Winsor came over in the next year. These two officers were attached to the force under Sir Henry Dockwra, whose head quarters were at Derry, and were, during the years 1600,-1, and-2, quartered Sidney at Enogh, (two miles from Derry) where a small fort stood opposite Culmore, to protect the river and Winsor, at Lifford, and at Burt. It is to be presumed that they accompanied Dockwra on his Christmas expedition against Tyrone, and were still in or near Armagh, and amongst his hearers, when Bodley produced "his Journey." We may take for granted, that the antipathies attributed to these three officers, as well as to Bodley himself, are only ironical allusions to their partialities for the good things mentioned; and the personalities would cause a laugh *from* as well as *at*, the parties themselves.

cum de aliquo morbo moriatur, quis scit an citius non esset mortuus si a Tobacco abstinuisset?

Et nolite abjicere (ut) ridiculum illud et planè falsum quod aliqui Tobacconistæ, post mortem exenterati, inveniuntur nigri intùs; quia id (si quid unquam tale acciderit) vel ex vitio sanguinis et corruptione illius, vel ex abundantiâ humoris melancholici, vel denique ex morbo Gallico, vel aliâ aliquâ corporis indispositione procedit; ut optimum nôrunt medici, in quorum sententiâ acquiesco.—Quod autem Tobacco aliquid divini in se contineat, et ad sanitatem nostram mirabiliter conducat.

Unde, quæso, testimonium majus vel certius adferre potero, quam quod tot viri nobiles iidemque sapientes (præter alios infinitos) summopere illo delectantur: et ex quo primùm fuerit inventus eandem estimationem per tot annos retinuerit; nec unquam inimicum habuerit nisi ignorantem, qui vel propter sumptum (carò enim venditur), vel quia ineptum se ad illum rectè et artificiosè imbibendum conceperit, primo quasi limine absterrebatur. Ego vero innumeros et indicibilia illius commoda experientiâ meâ ita prospectu habeo, ut verè ausum dicere.

"Cur moriatur homo qui fumat in ore Tobacco?" [f]

sease, who knows if he might not have died sooner had he abstained from tobacco?

And do not reject as ridiculous, and entirely false, that some tobacconists,[e] being dissected after death, have been found to be black inside; because, (if such hath ever happened,) it proceeds from the vitiation or corruption of the blood; or from the superabundance of the atrabilious humour; or lastly, from the "morbus gallicus," or any other indisposition of the body; for physicians very well know, and with their opinion I agree, that tobacco, nevertheless, may contain in itself something divine, and may conduce wonderfully to our health.

Whence, I prithee, could I bring stronger or surer testimony, than that so many noble, and at the same time wise men (besides countless others) delight in it extremely? And from the time it was first discovered it hath maintained the same repute for so many years; nor hath it ever had an enemy, except the ignorant, who either on account of the cost (for it is sold dear,) or because he imagined himself awkward in properly or skilfully imbibing it, was deterred, as it were, on the very threshold. Indeed from my experience, I have so much in view its innumerable and unspeakable benefits, that I might even venture to say (with the poet,) "Why dies the man whose mouth tobacco smokes."

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[e] *Tobacconists.*—Every reader must form his own conclusion as to whether Bodley meant to apply the word "Tobacconistæ" (here literally translated) to the consumers, or, in its modern sense, to the manipulators of his favourite "Indian weed." His *diagnosis* and the context would certainly point out the former class; yet he may have had (as Hamlet himself would say) "in his mind's eye" the theory propounded by the grave-digger in Hamlet, "that a tanner will last you nine year, (in his grave) his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while." (Act 5, Sc. 5). Hamlet had appeared only five years before Bodley's "Journey," and the parallel of the Tobacconist and the Tanner as to the *post-mortem* results of their respective trades, might have been fully understood and applauded by his English military,—and, if in London, play-going—audience.

[f] *Cur moriatur, &c.*—This hexameter is an excellent parody on one very generally known: "Cur moriatur homo cui salva crescit in horto"—(why dies the man in whose garden groweth sage)—yet of which, strange to say, the translator cannot by any search or inquiry find out the author. Ray, in his very voluminous *Historia Plantarum*, although, when praising the virtues of sage,

And now once more to our Lecale—where, amongst other things that contributed to hilarity, there came one night after supper certain maskers of the Irish gentry, four in number (if I rightly remember.) They first sent in to us a letter, marked with "*the greatest haste,*" and "*after our hearty commendations,*" according to the old style, saying that they were strangers, just arrived in these parts, and very desirous of spending one or two hours with us; and leave being given, they entered in this order: first a boy, with a lighted torch; then two, beating drums; then the maskers two and two; then another torch. One of the maskers carried a dirty pocket-hankerchief, with ten pounds in it, not of bullion, but of the new money lately coined, which has the harp on one side, and the royal arms on the other.[i]

They were dressed in shirts, with many ivy leaves sewed on here and there over them; and had over their faces masks of dog-skin, with holes to see out of, and noses made of paper; their caps were high and peaked, (in the Persian fashion,) and were also of paper, and ornamented with the same (ivy) leaves.

Et jam iterum ad Lecaliam nostram—ubi inter alia quæ ad hilaritatem conferebant, venerunt unâ nocte post cœnam Maschari quidam ex nobilibus Hibernicis, numero quatuor (si recte memini). Illi prius miserunt ad nos literas *instantissimas*,[g] secundum antiquam phrasim, post nostras cordiales commendationes, et dicentes, se fuisse certos advenas nuper arrivatos in illis partibus, et valdè cupidos præterire unam vel alteram horam nobiscum. Et post concessam veniam isto ordine ingrediuntur.—Primo puer cum tædâ accensâ: tunc duo pulsantes tympana; tunc ipsi maschari duo et duo: tum altera tæda. Unus ex Mascharis portabat sordidum emunctorium[h] cum decem libris intus, non ex bulione. sed ex novâ pecuniâ nuper impressâ quæ habet lyram ex uno latere, et insignia regalia ab altero.

Induebantur camisiis cum multis foliis hederæ hic et illic sparsim consutis; et super facies suas habebant *mascharii* ex pelle caniculi cum foraminibus ad videndum extra, et nasi erant facti ex papyro: gáleri vero alti et pyramidales (more Persico) etiam ex papyro, ornati cum dictis foliis.

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he gives a somewhat similar line,—"Salvia cum rutâ facient tibi pocula tuta")—(sage with rue will make a safe drink for you)—makes no allusion to the one in question. Loudon, in his equally voluminous, but more popular, "Arboretum et Fruticetum," gives the line in English, and says it is the production of an old Latin writer; but it certainly is not so, at least not of any Classical writer. It is more probably the production of some of the early Monkish Rhymers. The translator has propounded the question of its authorship to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, without as yet (to 1st March) getting any reply; besides asking many of our first Latin scholars in and about Belfast, who were all familiar with the line, yet not one of them could say who was its author. Can any of the numerous readers of this Journal give an affirmative response?

[g] *Instantissimas.*—This is the only meaning the translator can give to a word very obscurely written in the MS. The conjecture is borne out by what we read of in the endorsements of "Haste," "ride for your life," &c., which we know, were formerly, (when as yet mail-coaches and Post-offices were unknown,) put on letters, as a warning to couriers.

[h] *Emunctorium.*—By using this *non-classic* word Bodley bears an unwitting testimony to an unexpected yet gratifying advance in civilization and refinement amongst the "Hibernian gentry" in Lecale; as we may fairly infer the habitual and proper use by them of the Emunctorium; although, in this particular instance, it was with the ready inventive genius of their race transformed into a *porte-monnaie.* Our learned Ethnologists will, of course, attribute the departure from the aboriginal and characteristic application of the "dexter pollex et index" towards the purgation of the nasal emunctories to the influence and example of the early Saxon and Norman settlers in Lecale. On the contrary, it is to be feared, that, if even now a statistical inquiry were instituted in that very region, too many instances of retrogradation from the civilization inferred by Bodley would be discovered, and the use of the Emunctorium, as an ethnological criterion of "race" would be too strict a test, to be applied in the present day to the Hibernians *en masse.*

[i] *The new money lately, &c.*—This cursory allusion to the money used in a night's gambling opens up one of the most interesting points in the history of Finance, Currency, and Political Economy, that ever engaged the

Dicam brevi, ludimus tesseris. Nunc tympana ex illorum partibus; nunc tuba ex nostris sonabat: dubio marte diu pugnatum est : tandem perdunt Maschari, et vacui dimittuntur. Jam qui unquam vidit canem, fuste vel'lapide percussum, currere foras cum caudâ inter nates pendente, vidisset Mascharos istos domum euntes sine pecuniâ, sine animo, sine ordine, sine dicere Valete; et dicunt quod illorum singuli quinque vel sex millia ad domum suam habebant, et erant duæ horæ post mediam noctem.

I may briefly say we play at dice. At one time the drums sound on their side; at another the trumpet on ours. We fight a long time a doubtful game; at length the maskers lose, and are sent away, *cleaned out.* Now whoever hath seen a dog, struck with a stick or a stone, run out of the house with his tail hanging between his legs, would have (so) seen these maskers going home: without money; out of spirits; out of order; without even saying "Farewell"; and they said that each of them had five or six miles to go to his home, and it was then two hours after midnight.

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reader's attention. For all the particulars he must refer to Camden's Annals of Elizabeth, (Anno. 1601), and to Fynes Moryson's History of Tyrone's Rebellion. (Vol. 1, p. 234; vol. 2, pp. 121, 236, 260.) A condensation of the matter is also given in Simons' on Irish Coins, p. 38. It may be shortly stated that Elizabeth's government, finding the war in Ireland very exhausting to the treasury, resolved to coin a quantity of base money, consisting of one part of silver to three of brass, to pay the army in Ireland, to be current there only, and at the full value of silver. A minority in her Council were clear-sighted enough to forsee the evil consequences of such a project; and patriotic enough to enunciate their reasons, and denounce it; and the discussions in the Council, as given *in extenso* by Camden, showing the dawn of that science which we now see reduced to logical correctness, are very interesting to the reader of the present day. It also enlightens us on another point; and, many as were the faults as well as the misfortunes of James 2nd, we must acquit him of being the originator of the "brass money" system in Ireland. For that we must thank the Protestant Councillors of Elizabeth; for she herself, as Camden says, "was averse to this motion, saying often —that it would reflect on herself, and disoblige her army. Without doubt it proved a very great prejudice to the army; and whether it turned to her Majesty's advantage or not I cannot tell. However, it could not but fetch in a vast gain to the paymasters and officers of the treasury; and perhaps it owed its contrivance to the avarice of that sort of men which is usually very ingenious where anything is to be got." Buckhurst, the author of this very unjust plan, got a patent from the Queen in favour of Sir George Cary, the Treasurer of Ireland, above mentioned, for erecting an office of exchange in certain towns in Ireland and England, and the rates of exchanges were fixed. A proclamation was issued making it penal to bring silver coin to Ireland, and compelling all payments to be made in the new base money: which, says Moryson, "impoverished not only the rebels, but her Majesty's best servants in this kingdom, only enriching her paymasters, sitting quietly at home, while others adventured daily their bloods in the service." The consequences were soon apparent—every article of food was immediately trebled, and, in some instances, quintupled in price: all the profit was made by Sir George Cary and his creatures in the several offices of exchange he had set up. The soldiery became very discontented; and we can now understand the ironical allusion, already made by Bodley, to the jovial and hilarious habits of "my Lord Treasurer" as quoted. At length the Lord Deputy Mountjoy wrote to the Council in England, that to prevent a mutiny in the army, whose rations had been reduced, "because that the prices of all things are increased above all measure, by reason of the new standard coin," he had been obliged to raise their rations to their former allowance; or in other words, increase their pay in an inverse ratio to the depreciation of the coinage. It was now sagaciously discovered that speculative merchants, profiting by the high prices and the rate of exchange, were the parties ruining the country. And Fynes Moryson (at p. 270, vol. 2,) gives some curious tables as to the profits made by merchants, even supposing they borrowed all their money to trade with Ireland. Another proclamation, prohibiting any exchange, was now issued; but how that stroke of policy would have mended matters cannot now be known, as the difficulty was got rid of by Tyrone's submission, and the closing of the war; when the army got their arrears paid to them in silver. At this day, when we are kept in existence as a commercial nation by paper currency, and the question is freely mooted as to any necessity for bullion at all, further than as a medium of exchange with foreigners, the blunders and plungings of the Currency Doctors of Elizabeth's days are very amusing, and worthy the attention of those who feel an interest in the question. It was this coin, then, which the Irishmen gambled away to Bodley and his brother officers; and of which numerous specimens still exist in the cabinets of numismatists; exonerating James 2nd from the guilt of originating the fraud, and almost excusing him, when we compare his make-shift miserable state, at the time he issued his famous "brass money," with the cool effrontery of Elizabeth's ministers, in their endeavours to cheat a brave army, most of it com-

I shall now tell of another jest or gambol, which amongst many, the domestics of Master Morrison exhibited for us. Two servants sat down after the manner of women, (with reverence be it spoken,) when they "hunker," only that they, (the servants) sat upon the ground: their hands were tied together in such a manner that their knees were clasped within them; and a stick placed between the bend of the arms and the legs, so that they could in no way move their arms; they held between the forefinger and thumb of either hand a small stick, almost a foot in length, and sharp at the farther end. Two are placed in this way: one opposite the other, at the distance of an ell. Being thus placed they engage; and each one tries to upset his opponent, by attacking him with his feet; for being once upset, he can by no means recover himself, but presents his rear to his upsetter for attack with the aforesaid small stick.[j] Which made us laugh so for an hour, that the tears dropped from our eyes; and the wife of Philip the cook laughed, and the scullion, who were both present. You would have said that some barber-surgeon was there, to whom all were shewing their teeth.

But enough of these matters; for there would be no end of writing, were I to recount all our grave and merry doings in that space of seven days.

I shall therefore make an end both of the jouney and of my story. For on the seventh day from our arrival, we departed, mournful and sad;

Alium nunc, ex multis, monstrabo jocum sive gambolium quem presentarunt nobis famuli Domini Morrisoni. Duo servi sedebant in terram more mulierum, [sub reverentiâ sit dictum] quando caccant in aprico campo, nisi quod istorum nates premebant terram; manus erant simul alligatæ, ita ut in se genua amplecterentur; et baculum positum inter flexum brachiorum et crura, ita ut brachia nullo modo movere possunt; inter indices et pollices utriusque manûs bacillum quoddam, longitudinis ferè unius pedis, ab anteriori parte acutum, tenebant. Et isto modo locantur duo illi:—alter ex opposito alterius, per distantiam unius ulnæ. His ita dispositis incipiunt congredi; et quisque per se, junctis pedibus, adversarium subvertere conatur; subversus enim nunquam se potest recuperare, sed podicem præbet, perjungendum cum dicto bacillo. Quod fecit nos ita ridere per unam horam, ut lacrymæ ex oculis nostris distillârunt; et uxor Philippi coqui ridebat etiam, et ipsa lixa, quæ fuerunt ambo presentes. Dixisses tonsorem aliquem chirurgum fuisse ibi, ad quem omnes monstrabant dentes.

Sed de his satis—Nullus enim esset scribendi terminus, si omnia quæ nobis illo septem dierum spatio per gravia et per jucunda fuerunt enumarari. Finem itaque et itineris et dicenti faciam. Septimo enim die post nostrum adventum mœsti et solliciti discessimus; et comitabatur nos

posed of veterans who had fought in Flanders and Spain, before entering on the wild guerilla war in Ireland.

[j] *Two servants sat down, &c.*—Here is, in plain *outspoken* Latin, a most graphic description of a game still common in the North of Ireland, at harvest-homes (provincially "churns,") and at Halloween and Christmas merry-makings. It is called in this part of Ireland "Skiver (i.e. Skewer) the goose," and is a very good representation of that biped trussed and prepared for the spit. As now generally practised, the pointed stick is properly dispensed with; and the attack is confined to the parties endeavouring to upset each other by pushing; in which the aggressor is frequently "hoist with his own petard," as much to the amusement of the company, as it appears to have been enjoyed by Bodley and his brother warriors.

Dominus Morrisonus usque ad Dundrumum; cui vale et iterum vale singuli dicentes, et idem a longè elevatis pileis supra caput vociferantes, ad garisonos nostros properamus, ibique de negotiis nostros singuli serio cogitamus.

FINIS.

and Master Morrison accompanied us as far as Dundrum; to whom each of us bidding farewell, and again farewell, and shouting the same for a long way, with our caps raised above our heads, we hasten to our quarters, and there we each cogitate seriously over our own affairs.

THE END.

REMARKS ON BODLEY'S "JOURNEY,"

AND AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGNS IN IRELAND WITH MOUNTJOY'S ARMIES, AND HIS CONNECTION WITH THE "PLANTATION" OF ULSTER.

If the preceding extraordinary and unique production does not add much to our store of topographical archæology, still it is not without its interest, if we consider the very important period in Irish history when it was composed, and the prominent position which its author and his companions-*in* arms and *at* table occupied in the exciting struggle, of which the north-east of Ireland was then the theatre. It not only offers us a curious peep at the barrack or mess-room life, the sayings and doings off parade and out of view of the eyes of history, of six officers of high rank and fame in Elizabeth's veteran army, (one of these the founder of the noble house of Charlemont;) but it farther possesses an interest in the locality just mentioned, from the allusions to the wild and uncultivated state in which it then was, and the difficulties encountered in traversing it; as well as from the circumstance that, just at this time, the power of Irish Clanship was about to cease, by the submission of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, the last of the great O'Neills; and that, in the forfeiture of his estates, as well as those of the O'Donnell, O'Doherty, O'Cahan, and some other less important chieftains, originated the settlement and "plantation" of Ulster, with the establishment of which Bodley was, as will be explained, officially connected.

A short reference to the history of that time is requisite, as connected with the circumstances under which this comical journey was taken, and as bearing on the life and actions of our author. For reasons with which the reader of Irish history is familiar, but which need not be here recapitulated, Hugh O'Neill, a junior branch of the great northern family who had submitted to the Queen, had held a commission in her army in the wars against Desmond in Munster, and been by her created Earl of Tyrone, had, contrary to former promise, assumed the title of "The O'Neill" and the chiefship of that clan, on the death of Turlough Leinogh O'Neill in 1595, and revolted from his allegiance. He had collected a powerful force of his own name, and of many retainers in the northern counties, and was the last of those great chiefs who, by the mere influence of clanship and name, could array an army to oppose and defeat the well organized forces which were concentrated against him. On the 10th Aug. 1598, he had routed, with the slaughter of above 2000 men, the Queen's forces at Belathaboy, near Blackwatertown, about 5 miles from Armagh, the Marshal Sir Henry Bagnall being amongst the slain; and, for a time, was master of that part of Ireland. To